

MAY
1940



NO. 1



10c

BIG SHOT COMICS

AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!



CHARLIE CHAN



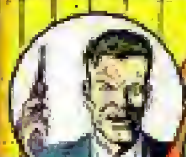
JOE PALOOKA



MARVELO



THE BUNGLES



SPYMASTER

YOU'RE A SWELL
GUY, SKYMAN, TO
SAVE DIXIE DUGAN
FROM THOSE KIDNAPPERS!



JOHN
MARTIN



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

MARVELO

MONARCH of MAGICIANS

By
FRED GUARDINEER



MARVELO, THE MONARCH OF ALL MAGICIANS - HAS THROWN HIS DARKLY BLAZING EYES THAT GLEAM SO HYPNOTICALLY, HIS LEAN HANDS THAT MOVE WITH SUCH BLINDING SPEED, ALL OF HIS CONCENTRATED FORCE AND WILL - INTO THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL - FIGHTING ALWAYS FOR TRUE JUSTICE!

TO AMERICA, LAND OF THE FREE, COMES MARVELO IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE -

ZEE, HURRY
WITH THOSE BAGS
AH, A TAXI!



SORRY,
BUDDY - THIS
CAB'S TAKEN

BUT NO
ONE IS
INSIDE
I -



G RIM-FACED MEN SHOULDER
THE MAGICIAN ASIDE

ONE
SIDE, GUY!
SCRAM -

ONE SIDE?
SCRAM? OH -
I SEE!



KALORA!
BECOME
PIGS!

WELL,
I'LL
BE -



BUT AT THAT MOMENT -

ALL RIGHT,
WISE GUY 'GET
INTO THAT
TAXI!

BUT
WHY? WHAT
HAVE I
DONE?



UNDER MARVELO'S INFLUENCE,
THE TAXI-DRIVER TAKES A HAND

LEAVE
MY PAL
ALONE!

UGH!





MARVELO DECIDES TO USE HIS GREAT FORCES FOR THE GOOD OF HIS FELLOW MEN -

ZEE, I'M GOING TO BE BUSY FOR A WHILE. GO TO THE ROOM YOU HIRED AND AWAIT ME!

YES MASTER!

AND SETS OUT IN SPIRIT TO FIND "BIG SHOT" BONNET -

BY MAGNETISM OF SPIRIT - I CAN FEEL THAT "BIG SHOT" ISN'T FAR AWAY!

I'VE DECIDED THAT THE U.S. TREASURY WOULD NET ME A GOOD PROFIT! LISTEN! TO-NIGHT AT NINE O'CLOCK -

THE U.S. TREASURY - AT NINE O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT!

THE SECRET OF THE WHOLE THING IS - SURPRISE!

I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE - THE GOLD SHIPMENT!

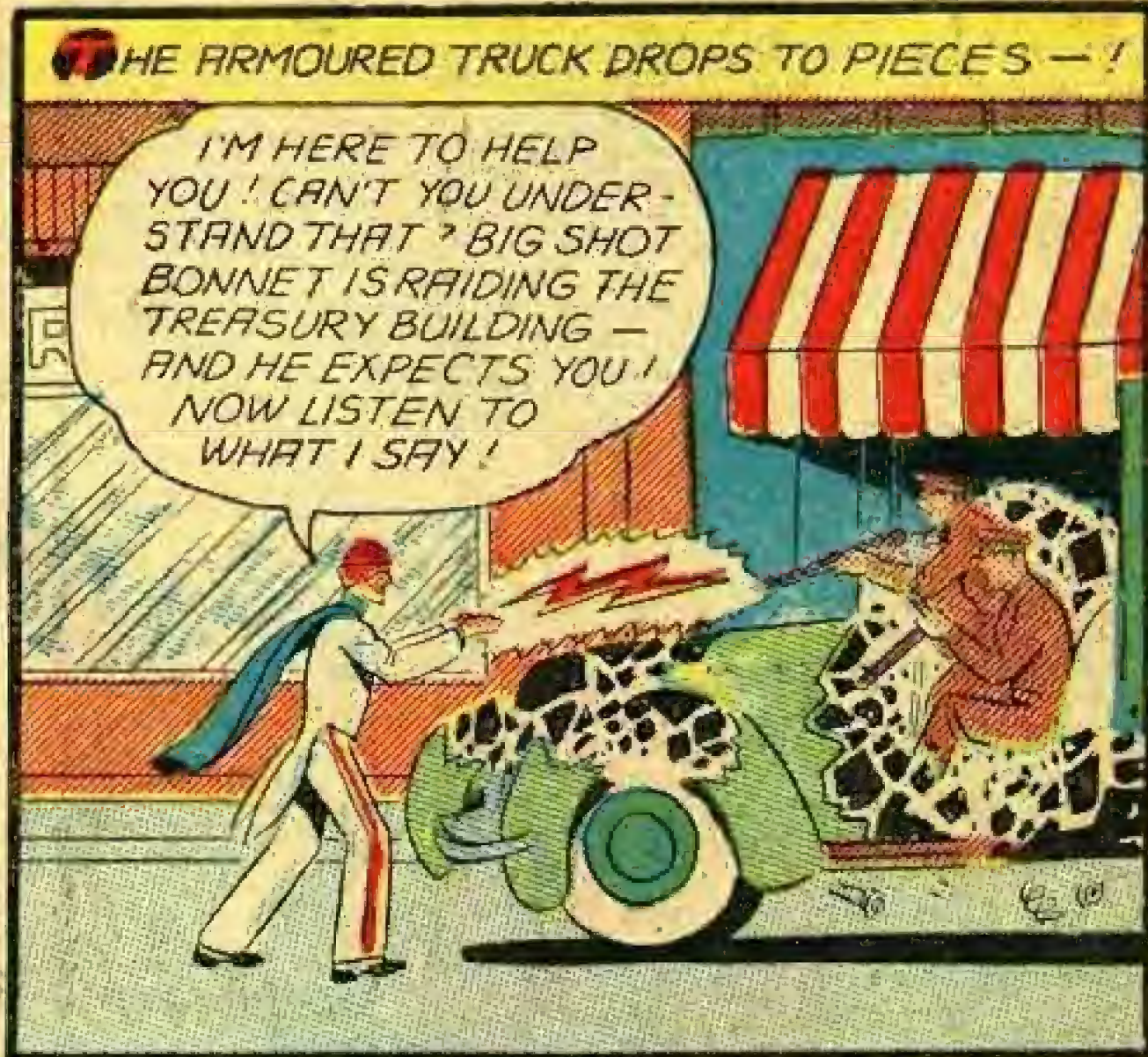
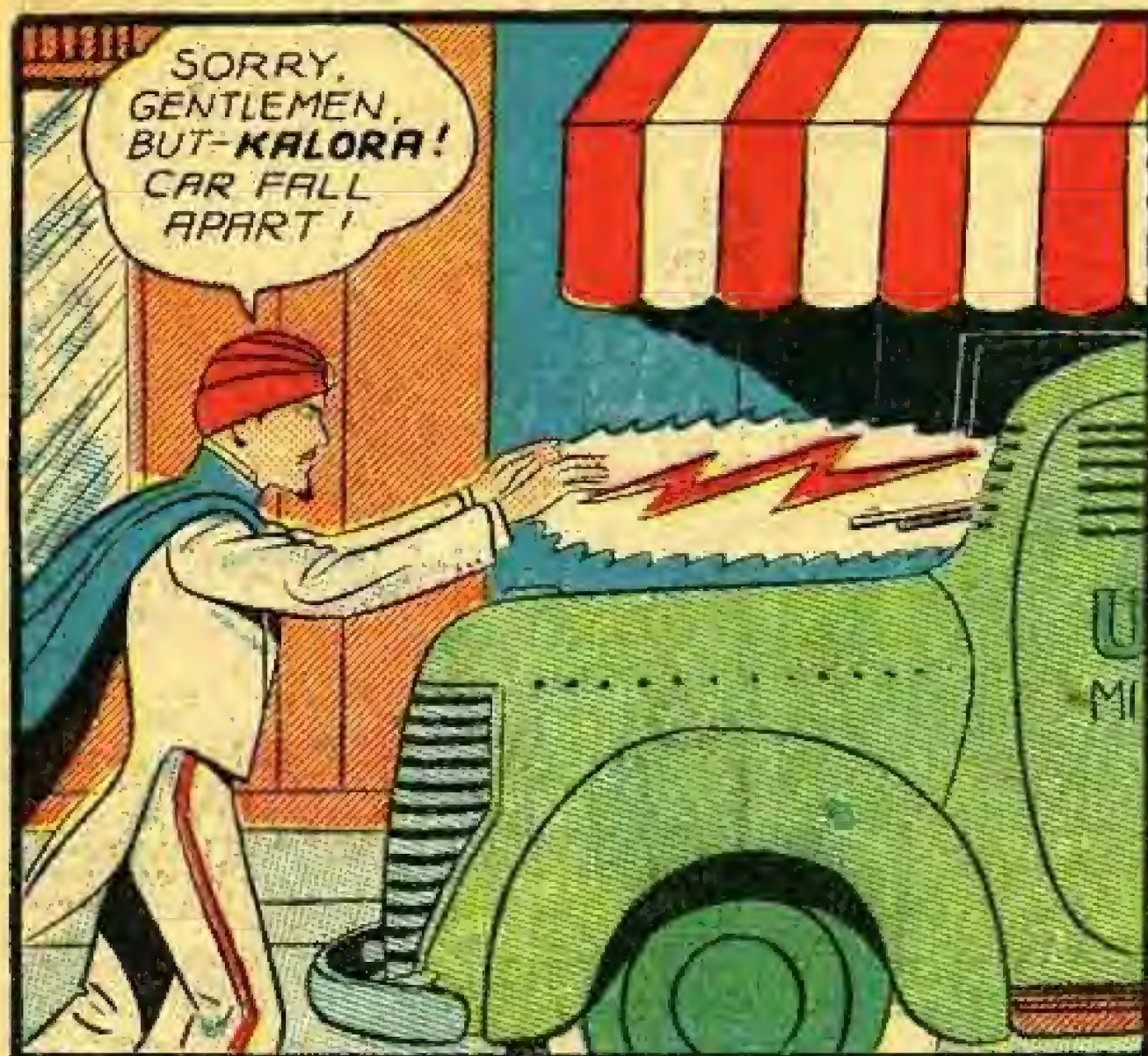
SURE YOU DID-NOW, MOVE BACK!

THAT GOLD SHIPMENT OUGHT TO BE HERE SOON!

BUT THE GOLD SHIPMENT HAS A SUDDEN VISITOR!

HALT!

RUN HIM DOWN! HE'S PROBABLY TRYING TO HOLD US UP!





THE LAST TO LEAVE THE BUILDING IS "BIG SHOT"

GOOD-BYE, SIR. I'M
TAKING YOUR HIRELINGS
TO JAIL WHERE THEY
BELONG!

YOU
CAN'T DO
THAT!

BET US
OUT OF HERE,
BOSS!

HEY -
COME
BACK!

FOLLOW ME.
WE MUST BE ON
HAND TO GET "BIG
SHOTS" CONFESSION
WHEN HIS NERVE
CRACKS!

UNDER MARVELO'S INFLUENCE,
"BIG SHOT" THINKS THAT HIS
NICKEL IS MADE OF GOLD!

GOLD! A-A
GOLD NICKEL!
GEE, I CAN'T
SPEND THAT!

BUT EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES
BECOMES GOLD!

A GOLD
TURNSTILE!

AND A GOLD
FLOOR! MY GOSH -
I'VE GOT TO TAKE
THAT ALONG!

FINDING A PICK, "BIG SHOT"
BEGINS TO DIG -

A FLOOR OF SOLID
GOLD. I'LL BE WEALTHY -
WEALTHY!!

HEY, DOPE,
WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF TEAR-
ING UP THE
FLOOR?

IT'S GOLD!
A GOLD FLOOR -
DON'T YOU SEE -
WE'LL BOTH
DIG! COME
ON!





MARVELO will amaze and mystify you by his feats of magic every month in BIG SHOT COMICS!

The FACE

by MICHAEL BLAKE

AAGH!
AAGH!

GRIM AND FANTASTIC—COMPOSED OF THE STUFF OF TORTURED NIGHTMARES—WEIRD AND GRUESOME IS—THE FACE! WHO IS HE? ALL THE UNDERWORLD WOULD LIKE TO KNOW! IS HE A CRIMINAL? ALL THE LAW ENFORCING AGENCIES THINK SO—BUT THEY LACK PROOF! HE COMES AND GOES GRINNING AN ETERNAL GRIN—LIKE A NAMELESS SHADOW, SILENT AND MYSTERIOUS!...

SHE FAINTED! WELL, MY FACE ISN'T ANY PLEASANT THING—AH! HER HANDBAG!

SEIZING THE WOMAN'S HANDBAG, THE FACE PREPARES FOR A QUICK EXIT—

NOW TO MAKE A GETAWAY BEFORE MELISSA SANDERS RECOVERS! I THINK THE INFORMATION I WANT IS IN HER BAG!

—AND DROPS LIGHTLY TO THE GROUND NEAR HIS POWERFUL ROADSTER.

SEATED IN HIS CAR, THE FACE FUMBLES AT THE BASE OF HIS NECK—

THIS RUBBER MASK WAS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR MY FACE—EVERY CURVE AND BUMP OF MY HEAD IS FOLLOWED—

AND LIFTS OFF—A RUBBEROID MASK!

—SO THAT IT FITS MY FEATURES EXACTLY! THE MAN WHO MADE IT FOR ME DIED—SO NONE CAN TRACE ME!

THE MASK IS SO SMALL AND COMPACT, IT FITS EASILY INTO A VEST POCKET!

IF THOSE PEOPLE PASSING BY KNEW ME FOR—THE FACE! THEY'D TEAR ME TO PIECES! I WONDER IF I'M LATE FOR THE BROADCAST?

AT RADIO STATION WBSC, OWNED BY TONY TRENT (THE FACE) —

TONY TRENT! YOU'RE LATE AGAIN! HURRY — YOU SHOULD BE ON THE AIR! OH, YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE!

HELLO, BABS! MY, WHAT AN EFFICIENT SECRETARY! OKAY — I'M READY!



SO THE FACE APPEARS OVER THE RADIO NETWORK AS TONY TRENT, POPULAR RADIO COMMENTATOR!

HELLO, FOLKS OF AMERICA. THIS IS TONY TRENT OF THE AIRWAVES COMING TO YOU — THAT **FOOD SHORTAGE** IN THE CITY I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT YESTERDAY IS NO JOKE. LISTEN —



I GOT HOLD OF SOMETHING — THE BILL OF SALE FROM A WESTERN FARMER TO — THE CITY'S CRIME CHIEF — GRUDGE GROGAN — **FOR THOSE TURKEYS THAT MADE THE POOR ORPHAN ASYLUM CHILDREN SICK THIS WEEK-END!**



HOW DID YOU LIKE THAT, BABS? I TOLD YOU I'D GET THE PROOF AND THE TRUTH — ABOUT THOSE TURKEYS!

TONY — GROGAN WILL GET YOU FOR THIS! HE'LL KILL YOU!



I'M GOING TO PAY A FLYING VISIT TO THE ORPHAN ASYLUM TO CHECK UP ON THIS POISONED TURKEY FOOD!

TONY — BE CAREFUL!



THE FACE ARRIVES AT THE ASYLUM!

THIS IS THE ORPHAN ASYLUM — I'LL CHECK ON THE POISONED TURKEY MEAT FIRST!



HE INVESTIGATES THE BAD MEAT —

THIS MEAT IS RANK! GROGAN OUGHT TO BE SENT TO JAIL FOR THIS!



AND LOOKS IN ON THE SICK WARD OF THE ASYLUM —

POOR LITTLE TYKES — ALL SICK! I'LL SEE THAT GROGAN PAYS FOR THIS!



AT "GRUDGE" GROGAN'S SUMPTUOUS APARTMENT —

WHEN I MADE YOU MY SECRETARY, MELISSA, I THOUGHT YOU WERE CAPABLE OF TAKING CARE OF YOURSELF —

IT WAS — THE **FACE** GRUDGE! IT WAS HORRIBLE! I FAINTED AND THE **FACE** STOLE THE BILL OF SALE THAT I WAS GOING TO DESTROY!



TONY TRENT BROADCAST ABOUT THAT BILL OF SALE LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO! HOW DID HE KNOW ABOUT IT?

MAYBE TRENT IS — **EEEE!**



THE APARTMENT DOOR HAD OPENED NOISELESSLY — AND THE **FACE** SUDDENLY APPEARS LIKE A TERRIBLE SPECTRE!

THE — THE **FACE**! GAD — YOU'RE HORRIBLE!

THANKS! I SEE MELISSA HAS FAINTED FOR THE SECOND TIME TO-NIGHT!



I WANT DETAILS, GROGAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE MONEY THE TAXPAYERS ARE GIVING FOR RELIEF? THE PEOPLE ON RELIEF ARE GETTING ONLY FLOUR AND APPLES!

FOOD — IT'S GOING FOR FOOD, I TELL YOU!



BEHIND THE **FACE**, A DOOR IS PUSHED INWARD —

OH-HO! REINFORCEMENTS, EH, GROGAN — SORT OF GUILTY CONSCIENCE, HAVEN'T YOU?

CHIEF — WE — **LORD!**



SIGHT OF THE HIDEOUS FEATURES OF THE **FACE** UNNERVES THE GUNMEN LONG ENOUGH FOR THE **FACE** TO BE UPON THEM!

GOOD THING TO BE UGLY — IT SCARES THE OTHER GUY LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET THE JUMP ON HIM!



I OUGHT TO SHOOT YOU LIKE THE DOG YOU ARE, GROGAN — BUT I'M GOING TO PUT YOU BEHIND BARS, INSTEAD!



YOU BOUGHT POISONED MEAT FOR THE ORPHANS! YOU GIVE PEOPLE ON RELIEF FLOUR AND APPLES! BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR IT! I'M GOING TO GET PROOF OF WHAT I SAY!







I GUESS THIS FACE OF MINE IS UGLY ENOUGH TO SCARE ANYONE — EXCEPT GROGAN! — INTO TALKING. I'M BOUND FOR HIS PLACE NOW!



BUT THE FACE FINDS GROGAN HAS "FLOWN THE COOP"!

HE KNEW I'D MAKE MELISSA TALK, I GUESS! IS THAT A TIME-TABLE ON THE FLOOR?



PARKSIDE RAILROAD, EH? HE'S AFTER THAT 9:08. THERE'S JUST A CHANCE TO CATCH HIM!



ALL ABOARD!

I'VE GOT TO GET ON THAT TRAIN!



I'VE GOT TO GET GROGAN BEFORE HE GETS OUT OF THE CITY'S JURISDICTION!



IN HIS ANXIETY TO FIND GROGAN, THE FACE FORGETS HE STILL WEARS HIS HORRIBLE MASK!

WHAT A FURORE!

EEEE!

AAAGH!

OH, MY GOODNESS



OH MAH HEAVENS! OHHH! IT'S FRANKY STEIN!

DON'T BE ALARMED! IS "GRUDGE" GROGAN AROUND?



YASSAH — DOWN THAT AISLE — AND LET ME OUTTA HERE!

I SEE HIM!



TUNE IN ON WBSC
FOR ANOTHER
FACE ADVENTURE
NEXT MONTH
— WITH
TONY TRENT
OF THE
RADIO
AIRWAVES!

The haunting figure of THE FACE, scourge of the foes of justice, will thrill you every month in BIG SHOT COMICS!